

A Drink and A Dance

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Summary: Waking up in the morning with a stranger in her bed, one whom she often couldn't even remember their name, only reminded her of how lonely she was; how damaged the jobs she'd tackled over the years had made her and how unlikely she was to ever meet anyone who was willing to go further than one night between the sheets.

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Emily pulled into the parking lot, the rain and thunder allowing the streetlamps to create a sleek, bright shine off of the black coating of the car. She pulled into the centre of the parking lot, not minding that she'd have to walk a further distance to the entrance. The ignition automatically switched to a standby mode once she had put the car into park, but she didn't yet leave the vehicle. Instead she kept her fingers firmly wrapped around the steering wheel in front of her, contemplating if coming here had been the right choice.

Granted, she had done this before. In fact she knew that owners of the place and was well aware that all employees were treated and paid well and in fact, from what Emily had gathered, enjoyed their jobs. But there was still a small voice nagging at the back of her mind. Ultimately, she felt wrong for coming here. It usually took a few drinks before the brunette was even able to make eye contact with individuals who took up the main stage.

However the truth was the Emily didn't fancy a hangover. She didn't want to drink the last case away and regardless, she doubted that the alcohol would help very much. Chances were that she'd fall to sleep quicker, but have alcohol induced nightmares that would be counterproductive to forgetting the case in the first place. And sure, she could find a bar somewhere, pick someone up and take them home. But waking up in the morning with a stranger in her bed, one whom she often couldn't even remember their name, only reminded her

of how lonely she was; how damaged the jobs she'd tackled over the years had made her and how unlikely she was to ever meet anyone who was willing to go further than one night between the sheets.

So here she was at an adult entertainment bar. Emily supposed calling the business an 'adult entertainment bar' ensured that people didn't feel as awkward or uncomfortable when talking about the place. To some degree she was sure it worked too. There was rarely ever a quiet night and she had heard multiple individuals refer to the place as such with a slight redness to their cheeks.

Emily, though not liking to think herself as emotionally unattached to the idea of a relationship, preferred that her personal life stay as straight forward and as simple as possible. Coming here often gave Emily just the right feeling. A few drinks, not too many to induce a head splitting headache when her eyes cracked open the next day, but enough that she would get a nice buzz. The dance was an added extra. Enough to feel like she had accomplished something with someone that night and enough that she was happy to return home on her own and take care of her needs herself.

Swallowing and pulling the keys from the ignition, Emily stepped out of the well heated vehicle to meet the blustering winds outside. She locked the car and wrapped her blazer further around herself. She hadn't even given herself chance to change from work. They landed on the air strip only an hour earlier and Emily had driven to a bar at first, but decided the inevitable hangover would be too much to handle. This had been her place of choice instead. She battled against the wind as she walked, flicking her head to shift her hair out of her eyes. Her shoes clicked against the asphalt until she was able to push the club door open and escape to the warmth inside.

As Emily looked around, accustoming herself to the noise level and the sound of chattering and the heavy, vibrating beat of the music, she brushed her fingers through her hair. She was sure that nobody at this particular club was interested in her appearance, but already feeling somewhat unsure of herself inside of the place, she was overly alert of her presentation. She was sure she was dressed too formally for the place; a black, ironed suit and a charcoal button up shirt. But she was here now. She might as well buy a drink.

Emily ordered her drink from the bar situated directly opposite the entrance. A dry scotch, on the rocks. The case had been harrowing and if the brunette was going to limit the number of drinks that she had tonight to distract her mind from thinking, then she was determined to drink something strong. She took a seat at the end of the bar, furthest away from the two walkways inside of the club where she was least likely to be bothered by anyone. She shrugged her jacket off, placing it over the bar stool before settling in the seat. Emily crossed her arms, leaning them on the countertop in front of her, one hand reached out to cradle the tumbler. She watched the amber liquid as it swashed around in the glass, almost mesmerised by the movement of the liquor.

The brunette took a small sip of the liquid, groaning as the liquor burnt a path along her throat to the pit of her stomach. As she placed the glass tumbler back against the countertop, the brunette felt a presence behind her and closed her eyes, praying, hoping, that whoever was hovering beside her was not debating whether to take a seat next to her not. Her prayers, not for the first time this week,

were not answered. She watched in her peripheral vision as a human form took a seat next to her.

"Dry scotch, on the rocks," came a gravelly, but undeniably sexy, female voice.

Emily chanced a look next to her, taking in the form of the women situated beside her. She could tell, even in the darkness and the harsh neon lights, that the blonde body next to her was younger than she was. She could also tell from the attire that younger woman adorned, or lack more of, that it was more than likely the woman worked here. Emily would not class herself as a frequent visitor of the club, but she was good with faces. She didn't recognise this one.

"You don't look like a scotch kind of gal," Emily noted aloud.

The women turned to take in Emily's appearance. The brunette could tell from the way the woman took her in that she had purposefully decided to occupy the seat next to her. Those eyes told her that she almost certainly ordered the same drink purposefully too. And the way the blonde woman sat upright in the stool, the already short skirt she was wearing reaching dangerously close to the top of her thighs, told Emily that the woman was most likely interested in her.

"I'd say the same about you," the blonde stranger quipped back confidently. "But I'd be lying."

Emily found a small smile gracing her lips. This she could deal with. Foreplay was almost always the brunette's favourite part of sex with a woman. They were quick to retort back cleverly thought through responses and as far as Emily's experience had taught her, well adapt in using a play on words to their advantage. If the drink didn't take her mind off of the case, she was beginning to feel the women sitting next to her just might.

"Emily," the brunette relented, introducing herself upon realisation she wanted to know more about the women seated next to her.

"Jennifer," the blonde offered out her hand and Emily carefully took it, noting the lingering touch as the younger woman slowly, gently released her hand from the handshake. "Or people call me JJ for short."

"I haven't seen you here before, Jennifer," Emily noted, turning slightly in her seat.

JJ shrugged her shoulder. "I've only worked here for a little while," Emily's thoughts on linking the woman's lack of attire to employment in the club was confirmed. "I have seen you before though."

"Really?" Emily frowned, her dark brown orbs carefully taking in the delicate features of the blonde's face. Rarely did she forget a face, even if she only met an individual briefly. "I don't recognise you," she admitted, her eyes tracing the angular slant of the blonde's jawline. "I don't think I've seen you here before."

"I'll take that as a compliment," JJ commented sarcastically before a

smirk grew on her lips. "I never said that I saw you here before," she teased before bringing the tumbler that had been placed in front of her to her lips, taking a small, purposeful sip.

Emily found her eyes watching the blonde's lips as they moulded around the edge of the tumbler, tantalisingly remaining there for a brief amount of time before decisively pulling away from the glass. JJ's tongue slipped from her mouth to swipe along her bottom lip, the movement seeming to be deliberately slow. As Emily's eyes moved upwards to meet two stormy blues, she found a shiver edged its way along her spine.

"May I enquire about where exactly you saw me?" Emily approached, watching as the blonde woman bit her bottom lip, sucking her bottom lip into her mouth.

JJ shrugged her shoulder, turning her face slightly to take in more of Emily. "You can ask," she answered cryptically. "Doesn't mean that I'll answer."

Emily took a calculated sip of her scotch as she tried to work out what exactly she could ask next. She placed the tumbler back onto the countertop and turned fully side on to the bar, one arm resting atop it, her hand wrapped around the glass.

"What exactly will it take to make you answer?" Emily asked seductively, her tone dropping ever so slightly.

The woman hummed appreciatively. "Is this some kind of interrogation technique now?" she returned the question. "Are you a cop?"

"So close," Emily answered smoothly.

A raised eyebrow. "You're a fed, huh?" Though JJ worded the retort as a question, it was in no way meant to be answered.

"Is that a problem?" Emily quipped.

The younger woman shook her head left to right. "Definitely not," she assured, her hand reaching out across the countertop to brush against Emily's fingers. "I mean, the least that I could do is thank you to show my gratitude for the hard work you put into keeping people such as myself safe," JJ continued assertively.

"And just what exactly does that entail?"

A knowing smile appeared upon the blonde's lips as she rose from the stool. Emily couldn't help the instinct to take in the younger woman's lean legs, her eyes taking their time to savour the thought of just how those legs would feel beneath her fingertips. The thought of just what was higher up those legs, beneath that invitingly short skirt, made her already chestnut brown eyes darken further. Those darkened orbs watched as two legs drew closer, stopping just inches from her own.

"Don't you think that it would be a good idea to find out?"

Emily found her hand being laced with JJ's as the woman gave a small, knowing smile; a look that made the brunette's knees weak. Without internally sending any electrical signals to her own legs, she found

them moving, found herself rising from her seat and allowing the younger woman to guide her towards the back of the club. She dragged behind slightly, appreciating the rear view of that tantalisingly short skirt, the material hiding very little.

JJ led the brunette into a well-hidden, cosy sized cubicle towards the back of the club. She pulled her in and playfully pushed her down to sit on the leather booth couch sat against the wall, turning briefly to pull the door fully shut. The box room dulled the sound of the music, but the pulsating steady beat could still be heard and felt. The harsh, blue neon lights illuminated the room from the floor where it followed the line where wall met carpet.

"Well," JJ started, turning Emily's attention from the room to herself. "Do you like my place? Fancy, don't you think?" she quipped playfully.

Emily hummed her agreement, her eyes now taking their time to slowly work their way across the blonde's body. With the additional privacy and firm proof that the woman was definitely interested in her, Emily didn't see a need to be subtle any more, to force her eyes away from drinking in the sight of the beautiful woman stood in front of her. She sucked in her breath as her brown orbs travelling up and along JJ's legs, meeting that damned skirt again, wishing that she could just see an inch higher. Her eyes continued, the white shirt the blonde was wearing also leaving very little to the imagination. A strip of toned stomach could be seen between the lacy fabric that ran along the bottom of the shirt. And the blonde's breasts, though not large, strained against the material.

"Do you like what you see?" JJ taunted as she purposefully slowly began to walk towards the brunette, closing the little distance that stood between them.

Emily smirked, her eyes moving to lock on to the pair staring back at her. "The room, orâ€¦?"

"Oh, really?" JJ scoffed, a smile playing on her lips. "You're still more entertained by the room. I think I have something that might distract you from the dÃ©cor."

Emily watched as the blonde woman reached down to place her hands against her knees, pushing them apart to give enough room for her to stand between them. She rose, moving the few inches further forward, her thighs pressed firmly against Emily's legs in order to keep them apart. The younger woman's waist only inches from the brunette's lap and the older woman bit down on her tongue inside of her mouth. She wanted to savour this. And more than that, the blonde woman stood between her legs was not going to win this little game.

"How about now?" JJ asked seductively, reaching down to trace her fingers along Emily's jawline and tilt the brunette's face up. "Still more entertained by the roomâ€¦?"

"I have to admit," Emily answered honestly, a shock of electricity causing her stomach to clench. "I really do like what painting this room black accomplishes, the way it absorbs the light, creates an almost overt feel. Very clever."

JJ raised an eyebrow, a grin forming on her lips.

"Oh, Emily," JJ drawled enticingly, the brunette's name falling from her lips causing a shiver to run through Emily's entire body, one that JJ noticed despite their locked eyes never moving. "You really shouldn't tease a girl."

Emily found her heart thudding hard against her ribcage as the hand that was previously rested on her jawline moved. It followed the angular bone to her chin and then manoeuvred, a thumb sliding across her bottom lip. She was beginning to feel powerless. The way the blonde's voice sounded speaking her name, the woman's touch, the teasing, the skin so close to touch but yet still off limits, was starting to inhibit the brunette's cognitive abilities more than the tumbler of scotch she had drunk earlier. But she was still aware enough to feel that thumb slide into her mouth. She wrapped her lips around the finger and sucked, her tongue moulding around the digit.

Emily heard the younger woman gasp slightly and it was enough to send a sharp jolt right to her groin. Every hair stood at attention against the older woman's skin.

"I suppose I shouldn't be a hypocrite," JJ stated breathlessly, pulling her thumb from Emily's mouth. "I shouldn't tease either."

Emily watched hypnotised as the younger woman's hands moved to the white top that curved around her so well. Fingers teased the lace running around the material before hands gripped, taking the hem in tightly balled fists and lifting upwards. The brunette couldn't help but groan as a gently toned abdomen was revealed to her eyes. She followed the lines of JJ's abs carefully, following the top as it was pulled higher and higher. The blonde's bra was soon revealed, a dark colour, lace making the material that lead to the clasp hidden behind JJ.

Emily wasn't even aware the top had been discarded on the floor until she found the blonde woman slowly, purposefully, moving to straddle her lap.

"Jennifer," Emily whispered, her eyes falling shut as the younger woman began to rock her hips in her lap, bringing her face close enough for her breath to ghost over the brunette's lips.

Her eyes opened again as she felt hands cover her own. JJ with her eyes locked onto Emily's, brought the brunette's hands round to press them against her ass. She squeezed Emily's hands lightly, rolling her hips backwards, enabling her to push her ass further into the older woman's grip. Emily knew that she was beginning to feel breathless, the drink earlier, the lights and music, the younger woman straddling her lap, making her feel lightheaded. Their noses were nearly touching and she could tell that JJ was feeling the same.

"Don't you want to feel what's under the skirt?" JJ asked in a whisper, her movements momentarily stopping. She looked Emily in the eyes, raising her eyebrow.

Emily could see the slight blush on JJ's cheeks, even though the harsh lights prevented her from seeing a great amount of detail. She knew that if she slid her hands up the blonde's hips and along her

back, she would find sweat and heat, much like her own, the response only happening when she was extremely aroused. The thought of sliding her hand beneath said skirt, one that had been driving her wild since first seeing the younger woman, sent a new wave of arousal to every nerve ending on Emily's skin.

Without replying to the question verbally, the brunette slid her hands down the material of the skirt, gliding them along JJ's thighs to her knees. She paused, shivered, as she felt the blonde woman move her fingers against her scalp and into her hair. Emily then began to slide her hands upwards. She pulled in a shaky breath as her hands slide beneath to material of the shirt, her right hand moving to firmly cup the younger woman.

JJ half moaned, half gasped, her fingers tightening in Emily's hair.

Emily could tell from the feel of the material against her palm that the panties were no doubt lace too. Probably see through and matching the younger woman's bra. It almost made the brunette feel feral. She imagined, if they were in a normal room in normal lighting, just what JJ would look like standing cockily against a door frame, that eyebrow raised, in a dark blue matching set of underwear and nothing else. Emily wanted to savour this, take her time, but she found her resolve very quickly dissolving.

Without waiting any longer, Emily slipped her fingers beneath the younger woman's panties.

JJ gasped again, this time her hips bucking in Emily's lap, her clit over sensitised from the torturous teasing it had endured. As those same fingers began to stroke over wet heat, JJ fisted her hands in Emily's hair. She tugged Emily's head forwards the last inch and firmly brought their lips together. It was Emily that gasped this time, quickly recovering to return the feverishness of the kiss. It was sloppy, disordered, the bumping of teeth and noses, but neither woman cared.

Emily's fingers slid slowly over the blonde's clit before finding her dripping wet centre and sliding inside. The brunette felt JJ contract around her, felt her walls spasm slightly at the intrusion. She left her fingers inside for a moment, still, as she slid her tongue between the younger woman's lips and flicked against the roof of her mouth. Emily found the angle difficult, but pursued. Her fingers slid in and out, the wetness making it easier, but the constraints of her hand being in the blonde's panties still causing difficulty. She twisted her hand slightly and pressed her thumb hard against JJ's clit.

JJ moaned loudly, the brunette's name slipping quickly from her lips. She pulled away from Emily. Her legs remained firmly straddling Emily's thighs but she arched her back, leaning rearwards and pushing her chest out. Emily growled as the angle caused JJ's breasts to almost strain out of her bra. The older woman leaned forward slightly and dipped her tongue beneath the cup of the bra, the muscle seeking out the blonde's nipple to flick over it as best she could.

The younger woman's nails raked across Emily's scalp, what were gasps and small groans becoming louder moans and cries. JJ's hips rolled disjointedly, pleading for more pressure, for deeper thrusts

and harder touches against her clit. Emily reached her free hand up and quickly pushed the cup of the blonde's bra up, allowing her to lean forward and wrap her lips tight around JJ's nipple. She sucked hard, curling her fingers as the blonde woman drove herself higher and higher, her fingers tightening almost painfully in Emily's hair.

With a cry filling the room, JJ's walls clenched around Emily's fingers and every muscle and nerve ending beneath her skin became electrified. Emily continued to thrust, gently. She draw out the blonde's climax for as long as possible, until a weak grip took hold of her arm.

"Wow," JJ whispered, her forehead moving to bump softly against Emily's.

Emily grinned, nibbling the blonde's lip lightly. "Am I getting charged for that?"

A gravelly chuckle exhaled against Emily's lips. "I suppose there'd be no chargeâ€¦ On the condition you let me return the favour, Agent," JJ teased playfully.

"Really?" Emily asked, trying to camouflage her excitement in the smoothness of her voice.

JJ bit her bottom lip, shaking her head up and down and locking eyes with the older woman's.

"Your place or mine?"

Emily contemplated the question for a moment. She dreaded taking JJ to her place; the number of people that had slept in her bed. She also knew that in the morning she would likely emotionally unattached herself from the entire situation and then by default, the beautiful blonde in her lap. Maybe, just maybe, this was a chance for Emily to find something more. The younger woman's profession wasn't ideal, but if things worked out, the brunette knew she had contacts that could find JJ a job that would fit her perfectly and pay her well.

"Yours," Emily answered confidently, a small, but honest, smile gracing her lips.

* * *

><p>I understand that I have not updated my current story for a while, but with exams comes a lot of stress and revision and I unfortunately have not had time to plan and write the next chapter.

However, my muse is slowly losing her temper with me. I had to write _something_. That said, if anyone has any one-shot requests, let me know. I'm not promising I will get around to doing all of them, or even if I'll find the time to do just one, but I would greatly enjoy the challenge and greatly appreciate if requests were given to me.

It would reduce stress for me and ya'll would get some JEmily loving. Win-Win, right? SO LET ME KNOW, MY LOVELY FOLLOWERS!

End
file.